

A. L. (S) - 117

Windfor TALES:
OR, THE
AMOURS
OF A
GENTLEMAN and LADY;
WITH
Some Court INTRIGUES:
A
Genuine HISTORY.

Love, like the Palm-Tree, by Oppression Grows,
Check'd, like stop Rivers, more Impetuous Flows.
And, like *Antaus*, gathers Strength from Blows

}
Hill.



L O N D O N :

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WINDSOR TALES:

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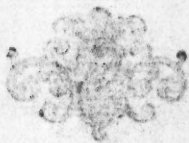
A

GENUINE HISTORY.



Printed by J. G. and Sold by J. Cook, Stationer, No. 1, Pall Mall, London.

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LONDON:

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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE the
Lady Diana Spencer, &c.

MADAM,



HE following Performance, which here presents it self to your Ladyship's Hands, comes recommended by nothing but its Circumstances, which are those of an Infant Production; and altho' I have not the Honour to be known to your Ladyship, yet the Assurance I have of your Candour and Facility, encourages me to hope, that this Piece may meet with a favourable Reception. There is not in Nature a more attractive Quality, than Clemency and Humanity; but when these meet in an elevated, extensive Genius, the Subject of them not only claims, but even commands our Esteem and Veneration.

It might be expected by some, that I should here launch out into the Praises of your Ladyship's Wit, and other Perfections; but as this would look too much like Flattery,

DEDICATION.

tery, (than which nothing can be more offensive to an exalted Mind) I purposely avoid it.

All that I design in presenting these Sheets to your Ladyship, is to express the Respect I bear to your Person and Family, whose shining Ancestors have been the Glory, as well as the Defence of the *British* State.

Censure is what a Man, who ventures to commit his Works to the Publick, must naturally expect; but if the subsequent Essay has but the Happiness to obtain your Ladyship's Approbation, I have my highest Ambition.

I am, MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient,

most devoted

Humble Servant,

S. L.

THE



T H E
P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.



I AM very sensible, that the Difficulties, which attend a Person entering upon the barren Province of Poetry, are much greater than most are apt to imagine ; for besides the almost innumerable Productions of this Sort, the capricious Taste of the present Age is so hard to please, that Encouragement, the sole Spirit and Life of all Endeavours, is almost impossible to be attained. This together with the many Defects I am conscious of in the following Sheets, might well have discouraged me from printing them ; but confiding in the known Candour of my Female

P R E F A C E.

Readers, for whom they are principally designed, I have ventured to publish them, hoping that their good Nature will excuse the Errors of this Performance.

I am persuaded, Ladies, if you will do me the Honour to peruse this Essay, you will meet with nothing which even the chastest Vestal might not read without a Blush; and those of my own Sex, who will give themselves the Trouble to examine it, may possibly find something not unworthy their Notice. Upon the whole, it being the first Fault I have committed in this Kind, I hope if it does not meet with Approbation, it will at least find an easy Pardon.



HE



THE
AMOURS
OF

PHILARIO and OLINDA.



PART I.



IN the Reign of King *WILLIAM* the Third, there lived at Court a Gentleman called *LYSANDER*, who by his Bravery under his then Majesty while Prince of *Orange*, in *Flanders*, had justly merited the Favour and Esteem of his Sovereign; but soon after the Death of that great Monarch, he retired from Business to his Countrey Seat near *Launceston* in *Cornwal*; where he enjoyed all the Pleasure, a Life free from
Hurry

Hurry and Cares can afford. But his chief Happiness consisted in a Son called *PHILARIO*, a most accomplished young Gentleman, inferior to none in Valour and Courtesy. Even in his younger Years he gave evident Signs of an extraordinary Wit and Gallantry, which was very much improved by a liberal Education. For although he was Master of a very affluent Fortune, yet this did not in the least deter him from the laudable Pursuit of Knowledge ; which he prosecuted with so much Application, that in a few Years he became a great Proficient in all kinds of polite Literature, and was caress'd by Gentlemen of the greatest Wit and Learning in *England*. It was in this Time that he contracted a very strict Friendship with a young Gentleman named *Horatio*, with whom he passed the softer Hours of Life in the most agreeable Manner.

Being arrived almost at Man's Estate, he began to fix his Thoughts on travelling ; and accordingly with *Horatio* he left *England*, and made the Tour of *France, Italy, Germany, Spain* and *Holland* ; which they compleated in about five Years, and return'd home very much improv'd both in the Knowledge of Men and Customs.

Not long after their Arrival at *London*, they came intimately acquainted with two Gentlemen, whom we shall style *Neander* and *Mirabell*, both Persons of illustrious Families, and Men of Wit and Learning. But *Neander* was still happier in his Consort, the Pride and Ornament of her Sex, whose fair Perfections we will hide under the Name of *Aurelia*. She was often visited by a young Lady called *Belinda*, of so celebrated Beauty, join'd with the most strict Virtue, that there were not a few who sigh'd for her Love ;
and

and among the rest were *Mirabell*, *Aurelia's* Brother, and one *Elutherius*, who gave Place to none in Honour and Courage.

These two Gentlemen had been very intimate Friends, and accompanied each other through the greatest Part of *Europe*; but since their Return, falling both passionately in Love with *Belinda*, that sacred Knot, which had so long lasted inviolate, was soon dissolv'd. *Belinda* had at first entertained a favourable Esteem of *Mirabell*, which in Time improved, and grew up into Love; tho' she had given him no Marks to discern which Way her Affections leaned; as well the more thoroughly to prove his Fidelity, as to prevent the unhappy Consequences that might issue upon such a Declaration. However this often caused great Differences between them, which might have ended in very melancholy Effects, had not the Kindness of their Friends interposed. For *Mirabell* thinking that *Belinda* express'd greater Respect for *Elutherius*, than himself, and he imagining the same of *Mirabell*, hence a continual Jealousy between them arose, which could never be pacified, unless one would resign up his Pretences to the other, which neither of them ever would do.

This Amour had been carried on some considerable Time without any, or at best very small apparent Advantage gained on either Side: For *Belinda* was as prudent as fair, and without discovering in the least her own Inclinations, entertained both their Addresses with equal Complaisance; determining to reward *Mirabell's* Services in a proper Time, according to their Desert. For tho' Women for the most Part, like Fortune, blindly dispense their Favour without any Regard to Worth and Merit, yet the
wife

wife Carriage of *Belinda* seemed to atone for the almost epidemical Fault of the whole Sex, and rendered her not less admired for her Conduct, than the Charms of her Person.

The agreeable Conversation of such Persons could not but be very delightful to PHILARIO, whose sprightly and facetious Temper render'd his Company very entertaining to all, but especially the Ladies; who in *England* for Wit and Beauty bear away the Prize from all the Ladies in the World.

The Season of the Year inviting them into the Countrey, they left *London* and retired to *Neander's* Seat at *Windfor*; where being one Day at Dinner, PHILARIO started the Proposal of a hunting Match; which being immediately fell in with by all the Company, *Neander* sent Orders to his Servants to have all Things in Readiness, and invited several Gentlemen and Ladies to take Part of the Sport. Accordingly in the Morning they all met at the Time and Place appointed, where PHILARIO was no sooner come, but he was struck with the highest Admiration at the Sight of the most beautiful Lady his Eyes ever beheld. The Sun in all his Progress round the Universe never saw a Creature so exquisitely fair. To describe her would be as impossible as to equal her. What irresistible Charms, what Sweetness appeared in her Looks! Her riding Habit, which was extremely rich, gave an additional Grace to her incomparable Shape and Air: Her Head was adorned with a Plume of white Feathers, while her flowing Tresses that hung carelessly over her Shoulders, wanton'd in the Wind. She was mounted upon a fiery milk white Steed, who proudly champ'd the foaming Bit, and paw'd the Ground with Fury and Disdain, eager and hasty
for

for the Course; whom notwithstanding she manag'd with the utmost Dexterity.

PHILARIO for some Time stood motionless and speechless, like one in a Trance, and found the Infection like Lightning seize upon his Heart, which took away his Power both of acting and speaking; but when his Spirits began to return from that Lethargy they had been in, he could hardly avoid discovering the Commotion of his Mind by the Disorder of his Words. However reassuming as much as possible his wonted Air and Looks, he joined the rest of the Company, who did not in the least discover his Confusion; and so after usual Ceremonies and Complements, they rid forward to their intended Diversion. All the way they went PHILARIO endeavoured to entertain OLINDA, for that was the Lady's Name, who seemed no Way displeased either with his Person or Discourse; but on the contrary return'd his Gallantries with equal Wit and Complaisance. But by that Time they were arrived at the Place where they intended to begin their Game, a black Cloud arising spread it self over the whole Heavens, and it began to rain so violently, that they were all obliged to ride away as fast as they could to some Shelter, which by good Fortune they happened to meet with at a little Distance, where they entered without any Ceremony. The Storm continued above an Hour; when a great Wind arising, which began to dissipate the Clouds, by Degrees it sensibly decreas'd, till it was quite fair, and the Sky reassumed its wonted Azure. Then satisfying the People of the House handsomely for their Trouble, which with a seeming Reluctancy at first they refus'd, but were soon perswaded to accept, they rode home as hungry and tired, as if they had

hunted all Day. *Neander* invited the Company to spend the rest of the Day with them, which was infinitely pleasing to *PHILARIO*, because he had then an Opportunity of the Conversation of his dear *OLINDA*; and after Dinner he and *Horatio* entertain'd them with a Relation of their Travels; a particular Account of which I omit here to mention, because it would extend this Essay to too great a Length. At Supper notwithstanding all *PHILARIO*'s Endeavours to be merry and facetious, yet a certain Gloominess sat on his Countenance, and he seemed rather a Spectator of what passed in the Company, than an Actor in it. This was taken Notice of with Surprise by several then present, but especially by *Horatio*, who presently concluded that something more than common disturb'd him, otherwise the Gaiety of his Temper would not suffer him to be dull at such a Time. But the Ladies seeing him wrapt up in such profound Contemplation, began to rally him on the Subject, and particularly *OLINDA*, who taking it for granted that he was in Love, very pleasantly said to him: "I cannot but esteem that Lady very happy, Sir, whose Perfections engage so great a Share of your Thoughts; but withal very covetous, in that she will not allow you to throw away one upon any less deserving Object."

This smart Repartee, attended with so much Grace in the Speaker, effectually rais'd *PHILARIO* out of that deep Consideration, he seem'd before lost in; who immediately reply'd: "How can she, fair *OLINDA*, but possess my most intense Thoughts, when I have not only her charming Idea imprinted in my Mind, but even that dear Object her self before my Eyes." Upon this a universal Smile ensued, and *OLINDA* glanced

glanced her Eyes upon PHILARIO with a rosy Blush, that added new Lustre to her incomparable Beauty, and fresh Fuel to the Flame struggling in his Breast.

Neander and *Mirabell* were very desirous he would oblige them with the Lady's Name, who was the Object of his best Wishes; but he reply'd that he hoped a more propitious Minute would occur in which he might whisper his soft Complaints in her Ear, and therefore desired to be excused. But it beginning to grow late, the Company prepared to go home: PHILARIO and *Mirabell* waited on OLINDA and *Belinda*, who he then understood were Cousins, and liv'd both together at OLINDA's Father's.

Upon their Return, PHILARIO went directly to Bed, not to Sleep but to indulge his Thoughts. All Night his Mind was agitated with a thousand different Imaginations; sometimes he ran over her charming Perfections; her Air, her Shape, her graceful Speech, sharp Wit and fine Address; sometimes his Fancy represented her as then in his Arms, and he was in Raptures even at the Idea: at other Times his prophetick Fears represented the Uncertainty of obtaining his Wishes; then a Croud of melancholy Thoughts invade his Breast; he is tortured with the dreadful Apprehensions of her Disdain, and the mournful Consequences of Rage and Despair. Next he revolves in his Mind the most proper Methods of communicating his Passion to her: sometimes he proposes to write to her; at other Times fearing the ill Success of Letters, resolves to speak to her in Person. Thus he spent the whole Night, without being able to determine on any Method concerning the Affair. As soon as it was Day-light, he rose and went to *Horatio's* Chamber,

telling him he had a Matter of Importance to communicate to him, and desired him to rise; which he immediately did, and they both went out into the Garden together, where PHILARIO unfolded the whole Matter to him, and asked his Advice. *Horatio* told him it was what he imagined, when he sat so silent and pensive, while all the rest of the Company were engaged in the most agreeable Discourse. His Opinion was, that PHILARIO should endeavour to smother his Passion till he became more intimately acquainted with OLINDA, and that then he might convey his Thoughts to her in whatever Manner he thought proper. This Advice PHILARIO resolved to follow, and therefore, tho' he had frequent Opportunities of seeing and speaking to OLINDA, yet he kept his Desires concealed; however they daily increased, and every new Occasion that presented her to him, made her still more lovely than before: so that it was plainly perceived by the Alteration of his Countenance, that something disordered him. *Neander* fancied the Air of *Wind-for* did not agree with him, and therefore resolved to carry him to the *Bath*; and altho' he strenuously opposed this Proposal, because it would deprive him of the Sight of OLINDA, (a Happiness he prized above the World) yet all he could say was of no Weight with *Neander*; and his Perswasions being seconded by *Aurelia*, he was at last forced to comply. The Day before their Departure PHILARIO paid a Visit to OLINDA, and invited her to go along with them, but for some Reasons, which she did not mention, she was forced to deny him; otherwise, she said, she should gladly have born them Company. At parting PHILARIO was scarce able to contain himself, and took Leave of her in so passionate a Manner,

Manner, that he was afterwards afraid that he had discover'd his Thoughts; but she imputed it to the Gallantry of his Temper which was easily perceived by all that knew him. However his fine Wit and Address had made so deep an Impression upon OLINDA's Mind, that she began to look upon him, as he really was, a Person not unworthy her Esteem.

In his Absence she found an uncommon Uneasiness upon her Spirits, which she her self was unable to assign any Reason for; and others who observed it, imputed it to some Indisposition of Body; but *Florella* her Maid, who was better skill'd in the Mysteries of Love, imagining it proceeded, as it really did, from some quite different Cause, soon found it to be the Effects of that Passion, tho' as yet she could not discover fully the Object. She had for some Time in vain endeavoured to wrest the Secret from her; not that OLINDA doubted in the least her Fidelity, but she would fain persuade even her self, if possible, that it sprung from another Cause, than in fact it did. *Florella's* Intimacy with her Mistress gave her the Liberty of speaking her Thoughts very freely, and by what she had observed in OLINDA's Carriage, she had no small Reason to believe PHILARIO was the happy Man that was so high in her Favour. Determin'd to be satisfied in this Doubt, as they were one Day walking by the Side of a pleasant Canal in the Garden, she artfully fell into Discourse of PHILARIO; taking Occasion to recommend his Person, his Wit, and Address; narrowly all the while observing each Motion of OLINDA's Countenance, if she could from thence discover what she so earnestly sought. She perceived her attend with a great deal of Pleasure to every Thing urged in his Praise,
every

every now and then smiling, and then again blushing at the Mention of his Name, which still heighten'd her Suspicion. But resolv'd to be certain, she made Trial of another Experiment, which fully confirm'd her.

Having one Day seen PHILARIO taking the Air with a young Lady call'd *Hyppolita*, "I am apt
 " to imagine, says she, that PHILARIO has a De-
 " sign of marrying the Lady *Hyppolita*, for I
 " have often seen him entertaining her with a
 " great deal of Gallantry; besides it is rumoured
 " in the Town that he loves her." Upon men-
 tioning these Words, she observ'd a strange Dis-
 order in OLINDA's Countenance; but taking no
 Notice of that, she pursued her Discourse: "I
 " cannot, continued she, but think his Choice
 " very good, for, except your self, I scarce know
 " any that excells her." OLINDA could no lon-
 ger contain her self, but in a great Passion com-
 manded *Florilla* to leave that Discourse on Pain
 of her Displeasure. "Heavens, Madam, reply'd
 " *Florilla*, what have I said that should create
 " you this Disorder! I hope you have no Inte-
 " rest in PHILARIO, which should make you Dis-
 " like his Choice." — OLINDA here stopping
 her short, reply'd: "And name that Word once
 " more and I banish you my Service for ever.
 " I say it cannot be, it is impossible he should
 " love *Hyppolita*!" "Ah, Madam, reply'd
 " *Florilla*, my Suspicions were but too true! I
 " always imagin'd you lov'd PHILARIO, and
 " therefore feign'd this Story for a fuller Confir-
 " mation of my Thoughts. "How," says
 " OLINDA! have you then impos'd a Falshood
 " upon me!" "Here, on my Knees, reply'd
 " *Florilla*, I entreat you to pardon the innocent
 " Deceit: 'twas my Concern for your Repose
 " that

" that put me upon this Artifice to discover the
 " the Object of your Wishes: Your Looks, your
 " Speech, nay even your very Silence declar'd
 " you lov'd, and fancy could not frame a nobler
 " Subject of your Affections, than the gallant, ge-
 " neros PHILARIO." OLINDA, while the Tears
 stood in her Eyes, answered, " Forgive my
 " Warmth, I well know thy Fidelity and Love.
 " Thou hast indeed divined aright, and PHI-
 " LARIO is the Person who possesses my Heart.
 " But alas, I am doom'd to be unhappy; for
 " Modesty forbids that I should reveal my Pas-
 " sion, and he perhaps may love elsewhere, and
 " then I am lost for ever." " Let not this Fear,
 " reply'd *Florella*, disturb you; but when you
 " next see him, attack him with the Force of all
 " your Charms; his Heart will never stand the
 " Assault of so much Beauty, but fall a Captive
 " to your lovely Eyes." " I wish it may, reply'd
 " OLINDA, for mine is lost already." They walk-
 ed a considerable Time, discoursing in this Man-
 ner, till a Servant came and told them *Belinda*
 was return'd home, who had been out a visiting,
 upon which they both went in.

PHILARIO in the mean Time ignorant of his
 Happiness, tho' incircled with all imaginable Plea-
 sure and Felicity, found no Delight in any of these
 Injoyments, because unpossess'd of the sole Object
 of all his Wishes. To him all those Things which
 others count the Joys of Life, nay which he him-
 self once took Delight in, were grown insipid.
 Even Musick, which, as *Congreve* finely says,

——— *Has Charms to sooth a Savage Breast,*

afforded him no Pleasure, but rather increas'd
 his Melancholy. His Mind which was ever taken
 up with fair OLINDA's Idea, could make no room

to entertain another Thought; and he who was once the Joy of Society and Life of Conversation, whose very Presence inspired with Wit and Gaiety, was now become enamoured with Solitude and Retirement. This strange Alteration was highly surprizing to *Neander* and all his other Acquaintance, except *Horatio*, who alone knew better the Cause. *Neander* had often press'd him to relate the Reason of his Melancholy, offering to serve him with his Life and Fortune. *PHILARIO* thanked him for his generous Friendship, but said it was a Trouble which only one Person could remove, to whom, and to none other he would reveal it. But soon after their Return from the *Bath*, chance brought it to *OLINDA* and *Belinda's* Knowledge; for as they with *Florella* were taking the Air pretty early one Morning in a pleasant Grotto a little way out of Town, they heard at some Distance a Voice like one in Distress, and drawing nearer to listen, to their great Surprise they found it was *PHILARIO*, who imagining himself beyond the Hearing of any but Heaven, utter'd these Words:

“ O *PHILARIO*, where is all thy boasted Resolution now? Love has at length convinced me of its Power, and by one Glance from her charming Eyes has made a Captive of me. O too lovely *OLINDA*, little dost thou know the thrilling Pangs thy divine Perfections constantly create me! By Day these solitary Groves are silent Witnesses of my Complaints; and Night, that brings Repose and Rest to all Things else, brings me fresh Cause of Pain! But why should I despair? for sure that Angel form can ne'er be void of Pity, and Pity still foreruns approaching Love!” Here *PHILARIO* broke off his amorous Soliloquy, and the Ladies immediately

diately withdrew for Fear of being seen, not a little pleased with the Discovery they had made. But an unfortunate Accident happening just upon it in *Belinda's* Affairs, she was prevented from partaking in the Pleasure of that Morning's Success: for the same Day *Mirabell* and *Elutherius* happened both to meet at her Lodgings, and after the most passionate Expressions of Love and Adoration, they earnestly press'd her to declare who was the happy Man that possess'd her Heart. She told them that she equally respected them both as Gentlemen, and Men of Honour, but Time would show, who best deserved her Love. Upon this *Mirabell*, with Eyes full of amorous Passion, eagerly kiss'd her Hand; which Violence she accepted with so much Grace, and seem'd so well pleas'd with, that *Elutherius* immediately judging himself the slighted Person, quitted the Room, without so much as taking Leave of *Belinda*. And now Rage, Jealousy, and all the savage Passions of the Soul began to boil within his Breast, and, like so many Fiends, spurr'd him on to his almost fatal Ruin. He now meditated nothing but Revenge upon his too happy Rival, who had robb'd him, as he imagin'd, of the beautiful *Belinda*. As soon as *PHILARIO* came in, *Mirabell* related to him the Adventure; who was of Opinion that this would cause a Quarrel between them, and told *Mirabell* that he might expect to hear from *Elutherius* either that Night or in the Morning; which if he did, he desired that he might have the Honour of serving him with his Sword, if a Second was required. *Mirabell* caus'd a Man to stand at the Door all the Evening, to bring whoever should ask for him directly to him without farther Examination; but no Body coming that Night, *Mirabell* was of Opinion,

D

Eluthe-

Elutherius would not send any, because had he designed it, he would have done it, while he was in such a Transport of Passion. However pretty early in the Morning *PHILARIO* heard some Body knock at the Gate, who was presently let in, and conducted to *Mirabell's* Chamber. *PHILARIO* immediately concluded it was a Messenger from *Elutherius*, as it really was; for the Gentleman, whose Name was *Cleantbus*, after bidding *Mirabell* good Morrow, presented him a Letter, which he opened, and found the following Challenge.

S I R,

The sacred Presence of Belinda hindered me from telling you my Mind yesterday, but this Gentleman will conduct you to the Place, where I expect you with my Sword to decide by a last Combat the Quarrel, that has for some Time been between us. The Friendship we once so strictly did, and, I hoped, should have inviolably maintained, causes me not without some Reluctancy to ingage in this Duel, which in all Probability will be fatal to one of us; but since it is as impossible for Love to admit of a Rival, as for the Firmament to contain two Suns, and no less a Prize, than the charming Belinda, is to be play'd for, this must atone for it. I desire you to choose a Friend, who with mine may be Witness of our Actions; and so recommending my self to Heaven, I wait your Appearance without the least Rancour or Malice on my Part, which I am persuaded, through the many Instances I have had of your Honour and Generosity, you will intirely lay aside on yours.

ELUTHERIUS.

Mirabell strait rose, and sent his Man to call *PHILARIO*, who by this Time was almost drest; so they presently mounted, and went out with
Cleantbus,

Cleantbus, who led them to a Meadow about a Mile distant from the Town, where *Elutherius* waited. As soon as they came up to him they all dismounted and stripp'd into their Shirts, and *Cleantbus* and *PHILARIO* taking Leave of their Friends, removed about fifty Yards off. *Cleantbus* gave *PHILARIO* his Hand as an Evidence, that it was only to serve his Friend, and not out of any private Malice that he was at that Time his Enemy; which Civility *PHILARIO* return'd with the like Courtesy: but this was a Time for Action, not for Words. They then drew, and after several Passes, which they both put by, *Cleantbus's* Sword glanc'd on the Top of *PHILARIO's* Shoulder, and in Return he wounded him in the right Thigh. *Cleantbus* immediately fell, and in the Fall dropp'd his Sword, which *PHILARIO* delivered to him again, saying: "Live, brave *Cleantbus*, since it is rather Fortune, than my "Valour, that has given me this Victory;" and so without staying for an Answer, he ran towards *Mirabell* and *Elutherius*, who that Moment fell down speechless with a Wound he received in the Neck, after that *Mirabell* himself had been wounded in his right Arm. Imagining him mortally wounded, he took him by the Hand saying, Dear *Elutherius* forgive me; but he was unable to make any Reply, and only opened his Eyes and closed them again immediately. *Mirabell* seeing *PHILARIO* come alone, began to be touch'd with a sensible Sorrow, thinking that he had killed *Cleantbus*, but was presently undeceived; for *Cleantbus* by the Help of his Sword had made a Shift to rise; but when he heard his Friend was, as they all suppos'd, killed, his Grief was inexpressible: but this was no Time for fruitless Complaints: wherefore calling *Elutherius's* two

Servants, who waited at a Distance in the Field, they took him up in their Arms, and carried him to a Surgeon, who examining the Wound, told them he hoped it was not mortal, tho' exceeding dangerous. He was directly put into Bed, and his Wound dress'd, and in about two Hours his Speech began to return to him a little, tho' very faint, thro' the great Loss of Blood he had sustained.

Mean while *Neander* being informed that *PHILARIO* and *Mirabell* were gone out with *Cleanthus*, whom he knew to be a particular Friend of *Elutherius*, began to suspect they were gone to fight; and therefore went immediately to *Belinda's* to enquire, if she knew any Thing of a new Difference between them; who relating *Elutherius's* abrupt Departure the Day before, together with the Occasion of it, *Neander* was confirmed in his Suspicions; and therefore taking Horse immediately with *Horatio* and several Servants, they rode all about to find the Place, where they were engaged. *Belinda* likewise knowing that she was the unhappy Occasion of their Quarrel, and fearful of any Disaster that might happen to either of them, inform'd several Gentlemen of the Duel; so that the whole Town was in a little Time up on Horseback to hinder them from fighting. But none knowing the Place of Assignment, they were a long Time before they found it, and when they did, the Combatants were all gone. The great Effusion of Blood they saw in the Place, made them believe that some of them were killed; but they were obliged to return with no more Certainty than they came. *Neander* and *Horatio* posted back again with all Expedition, hoping they might see or hear of them by that Time in Town; but tho' Inquiry was made in all Parts,

yet no News could be learn'd, for they were all that Time with *Elutherius*, from whom they never stirred till he came to himself; when the Surgeon giving them some Hope of his Life, *PHILARIO* and *Mirabell* left him and *Cleanthus*, who was not able to walk, and return'd to Town. *PHILARIO* went directly to carry the Account to *Elutherius's* Friends, who were as much overjoy'd when they heard of his Life and Hope of Recovery, as they were at first grieved at the News of his Danger. *Mirabell* made to *Neander's*, who had been all that Day in the greatest Concern for their Safety; but seeing him come alone, they were all ready to swoon, concluding *PHILARIO* was kill'd. But upon his relating the Success of the Combat, all their former Sorrow was disperfed, and a universal Joy diffus'd it self thro' the whole Company. *Mirabell* had scarce Time to conclude before *PHILARIO* enter'd the Room, whom *Horatio* and *Neander* embraced with a Tendernefs which sufficiently spoke their Affection. The Satisfaction that appeared in the Minds of all present was not a little heightened in *Mirabell* and *PHILARIO* by the Company of *OLINDA* and *Belinda*; who, tho' they blamed their Fighting, yet discover'd no small Pleasure in their happy Return, thanking Heaven they were all come off with Life. But to avoid Reflection, *Belinda* soon withdrew, whom *Neander* waited on to her Lodgings; for she would not suffer *Mirabell*, tho' he earnestly entreated it; alledging that the World might take Occasion to censure her Conduct, if immediately after the Duel, she should permit him that Freedom, as tho' she had countenanced their Quarrel: besides the ill Consequence it might be of to *Elutherius*, if it should, as it certainly would, come to his Ears, who then lay in so dangerous a Condition.

The

The Wound in PHILARIO's Shoulder, tho' it pained him pretty much, being just upon the Bone, was notwithstanding no Hindrance to his Mirth in that fair Company; and the Happiness he then thought himself in the Possession of, did much more than balance all his former Uneasiness. And indeed the Pleasure OLINDA express'd in his safe Return that Day, would have given a much less discerning Person, than PHILARIO, very good Reason to believe he was no way disagreeable to her. The Discourse being chiefly upon the Dispute which had happen'd between *Mirabell* and *Elutherius* about the fair *Belinda*, the Company were all very desirous of hearing the whole Relation of that Amour from *Mirabell*; and tho' he at first shew'd some Reluctancy, yet being press'd by the Ladies, he was obliged to comply, and therefore began in this Manner.

" My Acquaintance with *Elutherius* is of as early
 " Date as our Childhood; it can scarce be called
 " Acquaintance, so soon was it ripened into Friend-
 " ship. His Age and Temper agreeing so exactly
 " with 'mine, seem'd as tho' Nature had designed
 " us for the nearest Alliance. As soon as we were
 " capable of acting with any Design, this Instinct
 " began clearly to discover it self to the entire Sa-
 " tisfaction of both Families. We entered upon
 " our Studies together, and continued till the
 " Age of twenty; in all which Time we met with
 " no one Accident to hinder our growing Affe-
 " ction, which was then arriv'd pretty near Per-
 " fection. We then began our Travels, visiting
 " the Courts of *France*, *Italy*, *Germany* and *Holland*,
 " in each of which we stay'd some Time for the
 " Improvement of our Behaviour and Under-
 " standing. In short, we compleated our Travels
 " in about five Years, and return'd home much

" to

“ to our own, and our Friend’s Satisfaction. But
 “ now the last Scene of our Friendship was begin-
 “ ning to open ; for not long after our Arrival,
 “ my Sister *Aurelia* was visited by the charming
 “ *Belinda* whose lovely Eyes soon kindled a Flame
 “ in my Breast, to which, till then, it was abso-
 “ lutely a Stranger. It is impossible to express how
 “ great was the Ravishment and Wonder I was
 “ lost in, the first Moment I beheld the beauteous
 “ Maid ! And as Love is eagle-eyed, so my Pas-
 “ sion was quickly perceived by *Elutherius*, who
 “ was no less enamour’d than my self. However
 “ dissembling his Suspicion, he seemed surprized
 “ at the sudden Change wrought in me, and of-
 “ ten endeavoured to wrest the Secret from me,
 “ which as yet I kept concealed within my own
 “ Bosom. But of so strange a Nature is Love,
 “ that maugre all Endeavours, it will soon dis-
 “ cover it self ; and you may as easily think to
 “ hide the Light of the Sun from the Universe,
 “ as this Passion from observing Eyes. *Eluthe-*
 “ *rius* press’d me to declare the Object of my
 “ Wishes, whom he already knew but too well ;
 “ and I not being able to deny so reasonable a Re-
 “ quest to my most intimate Friend, at once open-
 “ ed all my Heart to him. But you may easily
 “ imagine the Surprise I was struck with, when
 “ at the Mention of her Name I observ’d his Eyes
 “ sparkle like Fire, and his Countenance alter-
 “ nately change, sometimes red as Scarlet, and
 “ then presently pale as Death. I perceived my
 “ Error when too late, in making my Rival the
 “ Confident of my Love. However pretending
 “ Ignorance, I imputed his Disorder, which was
 “ too manifest to be hid, to some Indisposition ;
 “ and therefore advised him to repose himself a
 “ little, which might perhaps remove it. Upon
 “ this

“ this I left him to follow my Directions, and re-
 “ tired into my Closet to consider what Method to
 “ take in this unfortunate Accident; and after all
 “ I resolved to continue my Courtship to *Belinda*,
 “ without taking any Notice to *Elutherius*. Ac-
 “ cordingly the next Day I waited on *Belinda*,
 “ and press’d my Passion, which I had some small
 “ Time before disclosed to her. Her Answer
 “ was, that since my Designs appeared to be ho-
 “ nourable, she would admit my Addresses; but
 “ Time alone could give Proof of my Fidelity,
 “ which I might expect should not go unreward-
 “ ed. I reply’d in an Extasy of Joy, that it
 “ should be the continual Endeavour of my Life
 “ to merit her Favour and Esteem.

“ Soon after I took my Leave, transported
 “ with the Success I apprehended my Passion had
 “ gained; but was not got far, before I met *Elu-*
 “ *therius* coming, as I imagined, on the same Er-
 “ rand; whom I saluted with my wonted Free-
 “ dom, as tho’ entirely ignorant of his Design.
 “ But he with an Air much different from what
 “ was usual, reply’d: I perceive, Sir, you have
 “ been paying a Visit to Madam *Belinda*, and by
 “ the Gaiety of your Countenance I read your Suc-
 “ cess. You are a happy Man, *Mirabell*, to be able
 “ with so much Ease to win a Lady’s Heart, which
 “ so many with the utmost Labour have attempt-
 “ ed in vain. I smiling answered, that if I had
 “ made Choice of one of those favourable Mi-
 “ nutes, in which Beauty proves propitious to the
 “ Lover, the Honour of that Conquest was due
 “ rather to Fortune than my Merit. I intreated
 “ his Company along with me, but he pretending
 “ to have Business of Consequence elsewhere, I
 “ left him to put what Constructions he pleased
 “ on my Behaviour. At my Return Home, I
 “ found

“ found him in the Company of *Cleantbus*, who
 “ had been an intimate Acquaintance of his be-
 “ fore his going to Travel, and now upon this
 “ Occasion renew’d.

“ All the Evening, tho’ *Elutherius* strained
 “ Mirth, even to an uncommon Pitch, yet could
 “ he not clear his Brow of those Clouds that sat
 “ thereon, and Spite of all his Endeavours dis-
 “ covered his Uneasiness. On the contrary, tho’
 “ the Success I had that Day met with, might
 “ have been sufficient to banish even the Remem-
 “ brance of any anxious Cares, yet I could not
 “ without the most sensible Grief think of the
 “ Loss of so dear a Friend, which I plainly fore-
 “ saw would be the Consequence of this Affair.
 “ *Cleantbus* being gone home, I retir’d into my
 “ Chamber, and going to take a Book off the
 “ Table, I had before been reading in, I found by
 “ it a Letter, which I opened and found as follows.

S I R,

*I have till now, been always inclined to believe,
 that the sacred Name of Friendship was exempted
 from those Injuries of Time and Fortune, to which all
 other Things are liable; but I now begin to fear that
 even that is subject to the common Fate of Nature,
 which according to a receiv’d Maxim, has its Rise,
 Perfection, and Decay. I have indeed frequently en-
 tertained my deluded Fancy with the pleasing Prospect
 of a long, uninterrupted Amity, and with how much
 Pleasure you, whose Breast felt the same more than
 fraternal Ardour, are best judge: and it cannot there-
 fore be sufficiently lamented, that any Occasion has
 happened to disturb at least, if not destroy that de-
 lightful Harmony, which I hoped would have ever
 been kept up between us. But alas, how soon can
 Heaven disappoint the Expectations of wretched Mor-
 E tals!*

tals ! how soon is this agreeable Scene closed ! Scarce does our Friendship begin to live, but like a beauteous Flower cropt in the tender Blossom by some untimely Hand, its meets its Fate. Thus are all our growing Hopes of future Bliss destroy'd, and while our Minds have been entertaining themselves with the Appearance of Happiness, lo on a sudden the Vision disappears, and in the Room of a substantial Good, we have been bugging a vain Illusion !

You will not, I suppose, be much surpris'd at this seeming mystic way of Writing, since you cannot but be apprized of my Passion for Belinda, the Cause of our present Dissention. That all should admire Belinda, is not surprising; but for me to meet a Rival, where I thought to find a Friend, in whose faithful Ear I might have repos'd the Secret of my Love, is distracting: nor could any Thing, except the Loss of Belinda her self, create me so sensible a Sorrow, as the Loss of your Friendship.

But I too long detain you from enjoying the Pleasure of your Success to Day with your Mistress, and therefore have done; only conjuring you to preserve the Name of Friend still inviolate, and assure your self, that I will not act in this Affair unbecoming that sacred Character.

ELUTHERIUS.

*" The generous Sentiments with which this
 " Letter abounded, did not a little affect me;
 " and I spent the whole Night in considering of
 " the way to preserve (if possible) my Friend, as
 " well as obtain my Love; but was as much at a
 " Loss, as when I began. For being of all Mankind
 " the most intimately acquainted with Elutherius's
 " Temper, and knowing him to be a Gentleman
 " of the highest Courage and Resolution, I con-
 " cluded that I should meet with no small Impe-
 " diment*

“diment in the Progress of my Amour; nor was
 “I much out in my Conjecture. The next Day
 “he visited *Belinda*, who, as I was since inform’d,
 “return’d his Addresses an Answer, tho’ not al-
 “together to his Satisfaction, yet such an one as
 “did not discourage him from pursuing his De-
 “sign.

“We had frequent Interviews to have compo-
 “sed, if possible, this Difference between us,
 “which both of us were grieved for, yet neither
 “of us could repent of. But alas, Love is a
 “Monarch will admit of no Competitor, and the
 “Dispute was heighten’d by endeavouring to
 “compose it; so that our Diffension every Day
 “increas’d, till at length the highest Degree of
 “Affection and Friendship was converted into ut-
 “ter Estrangedness: from whence I cannot but
 “conclude, that Things when once arriv’d at
 “Perfection, never continue long in that Posture,
 “but return naturally to their original State of In-
 “difference. In the mean Time we continued
 “our Courtship to *Belinda*, who receiv’d both
 “our Addresses with equal Complaisance and Re-
 “spect, but refused to name the happy Object of
 “her Wishes; wisely considering that the Con-
 “sequence of such a Declaration must be fatal to
 “one of us. But still this was not sufficient to
 “keep us from Jealousy, for each imagined the
 “other prefer’d; and hence arose continual Dis-
 “putes, which had several Times before this
 “ended in a Duel, had not the Kindness of our
 “Friends interposed. In this Posture stood our
 “Affairs, till yesterday accidentally meeting at
 “*Belinda*’s Lodgings, for a very slight Reason
 “*Elutherius* left the Room in the greatest Rage,
 “meditating the Design he this Morning put in
 “Execution; the Consequence of which you all
 “know.”

Here *Mirabell* ended, omitting several Particulars in the Narration, unwilling to detain the Company too long ; who were all very well pleased with the Relation, tho' they could not help lamenting the Dissension of two such intimate Friends. Afterwards *Aurelia* and *OLINDA* desired *PHILARIO* to favour them with a Song, which command there was no disputing, and therefore he sang the following Stanzas.

I.

*Celia's bright Charms my Soul inspire
With ardent Flames ; I feel the glowing Fire
Burn in my Breast, and while in vain
T' extinguish it I strive, the pointed Pain,
Swift as Jove's rapid Lightning flies,
Strikes to my Heart, and in my Bosom lies.
What beauteous Grace,
What Charms divine
Adorn her Face,
And round her Shine !
She's all Perfection, Heav'n in her appears,
And when she smiles I banish all my Fears.*

II.

*But oh, I'm drown'd in anxious Grief,
Mourning my Fate, yet dare not ask Relief ;
Passion still smother'd in my Breast
Racks me with Torture and disturbs my rest,
Labouring for Vent ; while o'er my Soul
Black cruel Storms and Waves of Sorrow roll !
What piercing Smart,
What hidden Woes
Afflict my Heart,
No Mortal knows.
But still the charming Maid smooths all my Cares,
And when she smiles I banish all my Fears.*

This

This Song was followed with the Applause of all the Company, but OLINDA had the greatest Share of that Pleasure, who knew well enough that he had uttered his own real Thoughts, tho' clothed in the fictitious Habit of a Song. There seemed scarce any Thing now wanting to consummate the Happiness of all present, except the Presence of *Belinda*, which did not a little damp the Satisfaction, *Mirabell* would otherwise have experienced; and tho' he endeavoured to put on an Air of Mirth and Gallantry, yet 'twas evident something sat heavy at his Heart. Those who were not acquainted with the true Cause of his Uneasiness, attributed it to the Wound in his Arm, and therefore advised him to go to Bed: Upon which all the Company broke up, and it being late, OLINDA was prevailed upon by *Aurelia* to stay all Night, and so they all retired to their respective Apartments. PHILARIO no sooner found himself alone, but he began to indulge those Thoughts, which so much Action, and agreeable Conversation had, in a great Measure, all that Day diverted. And now a tumultuous Crowd of Imaginations press'd into his Mind, which was in so great a Commotion, that I have often heard him say, if it had been possible for one to have survey'd his Breast at that Time, Heavens, what a Scene of Confusion would he have beheld! — They fall far short of the Mark, who attempt to describe a Mind toss'd with so many different Passions, by comparing it to a tempestuous Sea; which, alas, is all Calmness and Serenity to the wild Disorders of the Soul at that Time. Unable any longer to contain the struggling Passion, PHILARIO, with a deep Sigh, uttered these Words: “ O fair OLINDA, is it possible that so much Divinity

“ nity can be ignorant of the Pain I suffer,
 “ thro’ the Wounds of your lovely Eyes ! Hea-
 “ vens, in what a Maze of Uncertainties do I
 “ wander, the Sport of a thousand Passions !”
 He would have gone on in this Manner, had not
 his Thoughts reminded him of the Place where
 he was, and the Danger of being overheard.

The Disorder of his Mind would not suffer
 him to close his Eyes all Night ; though Sleep
 would have been very seasonable, as well to ease
 the Pain of his Shoulder, as a short Relaxation
 from that Anxiety that continually haunted him.
 In the Morning he found himself extreamly out
 of Order : His Pulse beat vehemently, and he
 was all over in a burning Fever ; so that he was
 forced to go to Bed again soon after he rose.
 His Distemper increased so violently, that he
 was almost in the Grave, before any scarce
 thought of his being ill ; and many began, not
 without Reason, to doubt of his Life. But by
 the Blessing of Heaven, the Remedies he took
 had a happy Effect, and in about four or five
 Days his Fever left him ; to which the Presence
 of OLINDA, who scarce ever stirr’d from *Neander’s*
 the whole Time of his being ill, did not a
 little conduce. He was pretty well recovered,
 when one Morning *Horatio* came into the Room,
 and commanding all the Attendants out, address-
 ed him in this Manner :

“ My dear Friend, says he, I am not insen-
 “ sible that the Passion you labour under for
 “ the beautiful OLINDA, has been the principal
 “ Cause of your Illness, which now (Thanks to
 “ all gracious Heaven !) is, I hope, removed ;
 “ and I cannot but think you justly culpable,
 “ that forgetting your former Vigour and Reso-
 “ lution, you thus abandon your self to cause-
 “ less

“ less Melancholy. Not that I would advise you
 “ to dismiss your Love, for that I know were
 “ vain; besides when the Object is deserving,
 “ ’tis a noble and godlike Disposition of the
 “ Soul, and renders us most like the happy Spi-
 “ rits above: but ’tis weak and unmanly to
 “ look upon a Cause desperate before we have
 “ tried all Methods, much more before we have
 “ attempted one. Are there not favourable
 “ Opportunities of presenting your Addresses to
 “ OLINDA, which daily offer themselves to your
 “ Acceptance? Why then will you not embrace
 “ them? What can there be to hinder or dis-
 “ courage you? Is your Birth, or Fortune infe-
 “ rior, or are you destitute of personal Accom-
 “ plishments to recommend you to her Esteem?
 “ Besides, OLINDA’s late Carriage (if I have
 “ any Judgment in the fair Sex) gives me suffi-
 “ cient Reason to believe, you are no way dis-
 “ pleasing to her. What else meant the Surprise
 “ and Disorder she discover’d upon the News of
 “ your Indisposition, and her constant Attend-
 “ ance here, ever since you were ill? Let me
 “ therefore conjure you, dear PHILARIO, to dis-
 “ sipate those Clouds of Sorrow and Despair,
 “ that continually dwell on your Mind, and en-
 “ tertain favourable Expectations of the Success
 “ of your Passion; and assure your self that so
 “ much Grace and Sweetness, as OLINDA com-
 “ mands, cannot be insensible to the moving
 “ Eloquence of Love.”

Horatio had scarce ended, when *Aurelia* and
 OLINDA entered the Chamber, at Sight of whom
 PHILARIO felt a secret Joy and Pleasure diffuse
 it self thro’ his whole Soul; so that raising him-
 self up, he received them both in the most ob-
 liging

liging Manner, and they being seated near the Bed-side, he thus bespoke OLINDA :

“ I cannot, says he, Madam, but esteem my self infinitely happy in the Honour you now do me ; and assure you it shall be the Business of my whole Life to love and praise the beauteous Authorefs of my Happiness.” Upon saying this, he gently squeez’d her fair Hand, which he had then hold of, and kiss’d it in so great a Transport, that he seem’d to breathe his Soul at his Lips. OLINDA seem’d a little surpris’d at this Action, and in a kind of a Passion snatch’d away her Hand, which he unwillingly let go, and then proceeded in this Manner :

“ The greatest and best good Fortune, Madam, I can attain to in Life, is to hope my self the Subject of your kind Concern and gentle Wishes ; which Felicity would infinitely over-balance all the extremest Malice of my other Fate : for as it is impossible I should ever be happy without your Favour, so with that I cannot be miserable ; and as there can be nothing I should wish for comparable to your Esteem, so that obtained, would sufficiently make Amends for the most rigorous Fortune.” He was going on in this amorous Discourse when *Neander* and *Mirabell* entered the Chamber, upon which the Ladies withdrew, and PHILARIO was hindered from disclosing his Passion to OLINDA, which he then determin’d to have done. The Joy of all present at so happy a Change in PHILARIO’s Health, is hardly to be express’d ; for the Presence of OLINDA he had just before enjoy’d, had made so sensible an Alteration in him, that he wanted not much of regaining his former Looks and Air.
He

He immediately rose, and after Breakfast walked about half an Hour in the Garden, with the rest of the Company; directing a thousand amorous Glances towards OLINDA, which she, tho' as well acquainted with as he, yet seemed not to understand. A few Days afterwards he visited *Elutherius*, who was still confined to his Chamber; who gave him an Account of the Rise and Progress of their Amour with *Belinda* (the Occasion of all the Quarrels between him and *Mirabell*) almost in the same Manner, as you have already heard. PHILARIO perswaded him to endeavour an Accommodation of the Dispute by some more gentle and moderate Methods, than had hitherto been used; as well to defend her Reputation from the injurious Tongues of the ill-natured Part of Mankind, as for their own Safety and Happiness. He answered, that if *Mirabell* was willing, he would wait his Doom from *Belinda's* own Mouth: and if she declared her Pleasure, that he should desist from his Addresses, he would for ever banish himself from her Presence, and undergo the Punishment of a perpetual Separation from the Object of his highest Wishes, (than which Hell has not a greater Torment) rather than cause her the least Uneasiness, or deprive her of one Hour's Satisfaction. He spoke these Words with a Pathos, which melted PHILARIO into Sorrow for the ill Success of so pure and ardent a Passion. After some Discourse upon indifferent Subjects, PHILARIO took his Leave of him, debating with himself, whether he had best inform *Mirabell* of *Elutherius's* Resolution, or keep it Secret; and upon the Result, his Mind declared in Favour of Silence. However he acquainted *Mirabell* of his being with *Elutherius*, and withal, that he desired to speak

with him along with himself, the next Day. Accordingly they both went, and *Elutherius* spoke thus: "I am very sensible, says he to *Mirabell*,
 " that you may justly claim a Right to the charming *Belinda* by the Law of Arms, being Victor
 " at the Sword, by which I agreed to decide the
 " Contest. And I cannot but wish Fate had
 " destined there my Fall; for then you might
 " have enjoy'd *Belinda* without Molestation, and
 " I should not outliv'd my Disgrace, and the
 " Loss of my Love. But since Heaven has decreed that I must survive, I think, considering
 " our antient Friendship, you can hardly deny
 " leaving it once more to *Belinda's* Pleasure to
 " nominate whom she shall best approve of for
 " her Servant; which done, the other shall immediately desist and enjoin his Passion perpetual Silence." *Mirabell* readily agreed to this Proposal; and both engaging their Honour to stand to the Agreement, and fixing a Day for waiting on *Belinda*, he and *PHILARIO* return'd to acquaint *Neander* with the Result of this Interview; who was overjoy'd to hear, that the Dispute was likely to be brought to so fair an Accommodation. In the mean Time *Mirabell*, that he might not give either *Elutherius*, or any of his Friends the least Shadow of Reason to tax his Honour or Generosity, left the Town and retired to *London*, where he waited with Impatience for the Time assigned; which being come, they both met at *Belinda's*, whom they found to their Wish alone; and after having saluted her with the profoundest Respect, they acquainted her with the Reasons of their Coming. *Belinda* hearing their Resolution, was some Time in Debate with her self what Course to take; but at length after a Pause she reply'd, that the
 Person

Person she should make Choice of, was him, who should last after that Time see her. *Mirabell* and *Elutberius* were both surprized at her Answer, and endeavoured by various Arguments to persuade her to alter her Determination; but she remained fix'd, thinking that the only way to prevent all further Quarrels. Wherefore after taking Leave of her in the most passionate Manner, they both withdrew, and the next Morning with only one Servant a-piece, without speaking to any Body, they mounted and rode away to the no small Surprize of *Aurelia* and the whole Family. *Elutberius* went directly and entered himself a Volunteer under the Earl of *Peterborough*, who was at that Time appointed General of an Army into *Spain*, to assist the Arch-Duke in gaining the Crown of that Kingdom; and *Mirabell* on the other side embark'd for *Flanders*; where we must leave them, and return to *PHILARIO* and *OLINDA*, a particular Account of whose Affairs will take up the Second Part of this History.

The End of the First Part.





THE
AMOURS
OF
PHILARIO and OLINDA.



PART II.

PHILARIO being, as I have informed you, recovered from his Illness, he now thought of nothing but revealing his Passion to OLINDA, and the most proper Methods to facilitate, and bring about that Design. There scarce passed a Day in which he did not see and speak to OLINDA, but this was in Company; and therefore he was impatient for an Opportunity to entertain her in private. This was not long before it offer'd; for OLINDA coming one Day when *Aurelia* was engag'd in writing Letters, she desired PHILARIO to keep OLINDA Company till she had done. There needed no Arguments

guments to induce him to so pleasing a Task ; and that they might be the more retire, he importuned her to walk into the Garden, which she comply'd with ; and after they had taken a Turn or two, talking of indifferent Things, they went into an Arbour by the Side of a pleasant Fountain, where being seated, PHILARIO laying hold on that happy Occasion, began in this Manner :

“ The Happiness, Madam, I now enjoy, is
 “ what I have long sigh'd for in vain ; and since
 “ kind Fortune has at length put it into my
 “ Hands, I should be guilty of an unpardonable
 “ Folly, were I to let it slip without improving
 “ it. Words, Madam, continued he, tho' never
 “ so emphatick, are unable to describe, with
 “ how pure and ardent a Passion I have loved
 “ you, from the first Moment I beheld those
 “ charming Eyes. Beauty so attractive cannot
 “ but kindle a Flame in the Breasts of admiring
 “ Spectators ; and it is almost as impossible to
 “ see and not adore you, as to approach the Sun
 “ without feeling the Effects of its Heat. Nor
 “ can you, fair OLINDA, justly blame my Passion ;
 “ since the Eye, that sees necessarily what
 “ is presented to it, and thro' which the Fuel
 “ that feeds this Flame, by unknown Ways is
 “ conveyed, must be taken with a pleasing Object.
 “ If therefore Love be a Fault, it ought
 “ rather to be attributed to those too lovely
 “ Eyes that inspire it, than to the Effect which
 “ they naturally produce. But fain would I
 “ hope that so much Sweetness as dwells in
 “ OLINDA, will not be deaf to the Pains of an
 “ unhappy Lover ! Yet oh, what Language shall
 “ I use, or how Address the Sovereign of my
 “ Soul ! Teach me, some propitious Power, that
 “ soft

“ soft persuasive Eloquence, such as may gently
 “ steal upon her Heart, and gain a blest’d Ac-
 “ ceptance ! O divine OLINDA, can you behold
 “ a Lover prostrate at your Feet, in softest Ac-
 “ cents breathing out his Vows, and not be
 “ touch’d with a reciprocal Tenderness ? Me-
 “ thinks it is not possible that so much Beauty
 “ and Perfection, as dwells in every Feature of
 “ that heavenly Form, can be void of generous
 “ Pity and Compassion ! No, that’s a Temper
 “ Heaven detests, nor can it reside where so
 “ much Divinity appears ! That Frame adorn’d
 “ with all that e’er in Heaven or Earth could
 “ make it amiable, was sure designed Perfe-
 “ ction’s brightest Pattern ; and it would be an
 “ Affront to the Wisdom and Skill of the great
 “ Author of Nature, as well as an Injury to you,
 “ not to admire a Work, that opens to such a
 “ Scene of Wonders. O my Angel, could I
 “ but hope you entertained one tender Thought
 “ of PHILARIO, that would infinitely over-rate
 “ all my former Sufferings ! And if a Passion the
 “ most sublime and refined, may hope to merit
 “ any Thing from so charming an Object, your
 “ faithful Admirer may presume he has deserved
 “ that Happiness. As soon would I attempt to
 “ describe the matchless Perfections you are Mi-
 “ stress of, as tell how much, how ardently I
 “ love you. The Sun shall sooner cease to shed
 “ his Influence round the World, than I can
 “ cease to adore you, or Fate be able to erase
 “ the beauteous OLINDA from my Breast. No,
 “ while I have Life, I will retain your dear
 “ Image nearest to my Heart ; and even my la-
 “ test Breath shall whisper your much lov’d
 “ Name.”

OLINDA heard all this amorous Discourse with
 a great

a great deal of secret Pleasure, and discovered her self not at all displeas'd with the Encomiums he gave her. For Women, tho' they pretend never so strenuously to dislike Flattery, have yet a certain Vanity in their very Constitutions, which, in Spite of all their Dissimulation, will discover it self upon all Occasions of this Nature. However, with an Air between serious and pleasant, she told him; that as to all those Complements of her Beauty, she look'd upon them as Words of Course used by Gentlemen of his Gaiety to her Sex; but notwithstanding he might expect, if faithful, to meet a Reward becoming her Virtue and his Merit. There needed only this to encourage his Addresses; so that imagining his Happiness then in a Manner compleat, in a Rapture pressing her fair Hand and sealing his Vows upon her Lips: " Thus, says he, my charming
 " Angel, let me ever express my Ecstasy and
 " Transport, and thus, thus admire the lovely
 " Cause of all my Joys!

But here the Interview was broke off (to PHILARIO's no small Uneasiness) by *Aurelia*, who having finish'd the Letters they left her about, was come into the Garden to them; whom they joined, and after walking a while, they all went into the Arbour and drank Tea, till *Neander* and *Horatio* came in, who had been to get Intelligence of *Mirabell* and *Elutherius*, but could come at no certain Information of the Matter.

PHILARIO having thus opened the Way to his further Addresses to OLINDA, you may be sure pursu'd with the utmost Vigour what he had so happily begun; and OLINDA gave so many Remonstrances of her good Esteem both of his Person and his Love, that he at length found her Heart wholly his own; so that there wanted only
 Con-

Consummation to make him the happy Man he desired. But see the strange Perverseness of Fate, and the Uncertainty of all human Happiness! For just as he imagined himself entering upon the Bliss he had so long sigh'd for, a Storm from an unexpected Quarter arose, which drove him so far back, that almost any other Person, but PHILARIO, would have despair'd of ever making the desired Port.

Lyfander, his Father, being desirous to see his Son fix'd in Life, had pitch'd upon a young Lady called *Angelica*, for his Wife; and therefore wrote a Letter to him with strict Orders to repair to him at *Launceston*; for that he had something to communicate, upon which both their Happiness very much depended. PHILARIO was almost distracted at this News; not only as it would be a Let to him in his Marriage with OLINDA, which he expected would be soon consummated; but he likewise rightly imagined, that Marriage was the important Business *Lyfander* had to propose. He was a long Time in Debate with himself, whether to obey Love or Duty; but reflecting upon the certain Displeasure of his Father, should he refuse to comply with his Will, at length the Son prevailed above the Lover. He acquainted *Neander* and *Aurelia* with his Resolution, whose Concern for his Departure was something abated by a Promise of returning, as soon as ever his Affairs with his Favour would permit; but the greatest Difficulty yet remained, which was to work OLINDA to a Compliance, and remove the least Doubt that might arise in her Mind of his Truth and Honour. To this End he paid her a Visit, and after the tenderest Expressions of Love, and an inviolable Fidelity, he acquainted her with the fatal

fatal Orders. She discovered a deep Concern at the News, and that not without some Sparks of Jealousy : however PHILARIO having fully satisfied her Fears as to that Point, both by his Father's Letters, and a thousand Remonstrances of his own unalterable Love ; assuring her it was absolutely contrary to his own Will, and altogether in Compliance with *Lysander's* Commands that he undertook that Journey ; and withal, that he would infallibly return in a very short Time, she seemed, tho' unwilling, to comply.

This Difficulty being surmounted, he prepared with all Expedition to be gone ; and all Things being ready, the Night before his Departure he took Leave of OLINDA, which Interview had like to have baffled all his former Resolves, and turn'd the Scale in Favour of LOVE. OLINDA could then no longer conceal the Passion she had hitherto smother'd, but notwithstanding all her Art, her Tears betray'd the Sentiments of her Mind. This, as it was the joyfullest Sight to PHILARIO in the World, assuring him of OLINDA's Affections ; so it went very near influencing him to lay aside his intended Journey. However assuming all the Resolution he was Master of, he comforted her in the best Manner he was able ; again repeating the many Vows he had so often swore before, sealing them on her Lips, and giving her the fullest Assurance of a speedy Return. She on the other Side gave him her Hand, plighting with it her Faith never to admit another to the Possession of her Heart, of which she then declared he was the entire Master. Overjoy'd with this Declaration, he at length with the greatest Reluctancy withdrew, and the next Morning with *Horatio*, the constant Companion of his Fortunes, set out for *Launceston*;

ceston; where being arrived, they were received and careffed by *Lyfander* and *Amanda*, his Mother, with the higheft Demonstrations of Joy.

A few Nights after their Arrival, *Lyfander* made a Ball for their Entertainment, as he feigned, but really to promote his Design of *PHILARIO*'s Marriage with *Angelica*. The Company being come, *Lyfander* chofe out the Lady *Angelica* and prefented her to him for a Partner; a Person, as *PHILARIO* himfelf confefs'd, fet off with all the Charms both of Art and Nature; who might very well have captivated the Heart of any other Man but him, whose Mind was already taken up with the Image of his dear *OLINDA*. Charming as *Angelica* really was, ſhe made no Impreffion upon his Breaff, but rather heighten'd his Love to *OLINDA*, whose Perfections compared to *Angelica*'s, ſeemed to him vaſtly ſuperior. But *Horatio*, the next in Gallantry and Comelinefs to *PHILARIO*, beheld her with other Eyes: To him Fancy never painted any Thing ſo exquisitely fair; and every Look and Smile ſhe gave, adminiſtred freſh Fuel to his ſtruggling Paſſion.

During the whole Time of the Ball, *Lyfander* conſtantly obſerv'd *PHILARIO*'s Carriage to *Angelica*, and perceiving that he took all Occaſions to entertain her with the utmoſt Facetiousnefs and Reſpect, he imagined that his Plot had more than half ſucceeded. The Ball being done, *PHILARIO* and *Horatio* waited on *Angelica* home in her Coach; and upon their Return, *Lyfander* took *PHILARIO* apart, and began to ſound his Inclinations, aſking him ſeveral Queſtions about *Angelica*; as whether he did not think her a very fine Lady, and how he ſhould like her for a Wife. *PHILARIO*, who knew well enough his
Meaning,

Meaning, answered, that she was indeed a very deserving Person, and he knew scarce any that excelled her; but for a Wife, that was a Business that requir'd mature Consideration. *Lysander* proceeded no further at that Time; but tho' this Answer of his Son's did not altogether please him, yet it did not discourage him from pursuing his Intent; and therefore a Day or two afterwards he invited *Angelica* and her Brother, *Beaufort*, with a few other Gentlemen and Ladies to a hunting Match; hoping that the second Attack might do more Execution on *PHILARIO*, than he found the first had done. Accordingly at the Time and Place prefixed, the Company all met; but the Splendor of *Angelica's* Beauty, and *PHILARIO's* manly Grace and Equipage so far out-shone all present, that they alone drew the Eyes of all upon them. She was array'd in a riding Habit of Silver Tissue; a Girdle of the same richly set with Jewels, contained her slender Waist, and a black Velvet Cap adorned with a fine Plume, and starr'd with Diamonds grac'd her Head; and on the other side, *PHILARIO* was dress'd in a Suit of Scarlet Velvet richly embroidered with Gold.

The whole Time they hunted, *Horatio* continually rode by *Angelica*, and endeavoured with the utmost Gallantry to fix himself in her Esteem; but tho' she returned it in the most graceful Manner, yet her Eyes were ever on *PHILARIO*, and she still seemed to contrive new Occasions for him to entertain her, which he, as much as Decency would permit, studiously avoided, to give his Friend the Pleasure of her Company, with which he saw he was more than ordinarily delighted. The Hunting being over, *PHILARIO* and *Horatio* presented what they had

killed to *Angelica*, and then each retired to their respective Abodes.

Lyfander, not thinking it convenient to let his Son cool, as soon as he was come home, took him into his Closet, and bespoke him in this Manner :

“ You cannot, says he, *PHILARIO*, but be
 “ very sensible, that your Welfare and Happi-
 “ ness is what above all other Things I have
 “ at my Heart ; nor has any Thing been want-
 “ ing that might conduce to so desirable an
 “ End : and it is with the highest Pleasure that
 “ I see your Disposition and Behaviour so cor-
 “ respondent to your Birth and Education. But
 “ both my Relation to you as a Father, and
 “ my Experience give me the Liberty to advise
 “ you in what I think both for your Advantage
 “ and Satisfaction. The Inconveniences to which
 “ Persons of your Fortune and Age are expos’d,
 “ make me, who am now in the Decline of
 “ Life, very desirous of seeing you fix’d in an
 “ honourable Marriage ; and for this Reason I
 “ have pitch’d upon a Person whom I would
 “ commend to your Choice and Esteem ; a
 “ Lady of great Wit and Beauty, as well as il-
 “ lustrious Birth and Fortune. To be plain, it
 “ is no other than the Lady *Angelica*, who is
 “ alone sufficient to recommend her self. She
 “ is already acquainted with the Reasons of your
 “ coming hither ; and I have very good Cause
 “ to believe, that neither your Person nor Car-
 “ riage are any Way disagreeable to her. I
 “ know it is with great Difficulty that the Ge-
 “ nerality of young Gentlemen now-adays are
 “ induced to enter into that State of Slavery
 “ (as they call it) ; but I persuade my self that a
 “ Person of your riper Judgment and Experience
 “ will

“ will not refuse so happy and advantagious a
 “ Match, as this must appear.

This Harrangue only confirm'd PHILARIO in his former Suspicions, and therefore was not near so surprizing to him as it would otherwise have been. And though he would have suffered ten thousand Deaths rather than violate his Faith to OLINDA; yet being unwilling to disoblige his Father, he thought it best for the present to seem to comply with his Proposals; and therefore answered that he would yield himself intirely to his Conduct, and he might assure himself he would do nothing contrary to his Pleasure: which Reply gave *Lysander* the greatest Satisfaction.

But PHILARIO's Thoughts were all taken up in contriving how to steer clear of these two dangerous Rocks, so as to preserve his Love with the Favour of his Father; but after all his Study, was as much at a Loss as when he began. As soon as ever he found an Opportunity, he slip'd away from the Company, and retir'd with *Horatio*, to whom he communicated this unlucky Affair. *Horatio* was as much concern'd as he, tho' upon a quite different Account; for all his Care was how to gain the Lady *Angelica*; and the other's how to get rid of her. *Horatio* conjured him by all their Friendship, and the Love he bore OLINDA, which he had so often swore never to violate, not to engage at all in this Amour; alledging, that he could not do it without a direct Injury both to his Friend and his Mistress. This Advice, as it was really good in it self, so had it been followed by PHILARIO, would have saved all that Trouble and Uneasiness the Neglect of it involv'd him in; as you will see in the Course of this History. But PHILARIO,

LARIO, fearing the Displeasure of his Father, resolv'd upon a Method, which in the Sequel proved to be the worst he could have taken ; which was this : To visit *Angelica* as his Father had desired, but to show so much Indifference, as might plainly discover his Want of Inclination to marry her, which he imagined would beget the like Indifference in her, and so the Match might be broke off. *Horatio* endeavour'd by all Arguments to dissuade him from this Way of Proceeding, easily foreseeing the ill Consequence that would attend it ; but he thinking to have thereby a specious Pretence of breaking with *Angelica*, and that she at the same Time seeing her self slighted, would the more readily embrace *Horatio's* more vigorous and real Addresses, and consent to make him happy, tho' it were only to be revenged on himself, resolv'd to pursue it : little considering, that

*Heaven has no Rage like Love to Hatred turn'd,
Nor Hell a Fury like a Woman scorn'd.*

Pleas'd with this Project, the next Day PHILARIO paid *Angelica* a Visit, and after he had with a great deal of Indifference prattled to her a little of Love, he left her ; and in this Manner their Courtship continued some Time. Meanwhile *Horatio's* Addresses met with very cold Reception from *Angelica* ; for tho' she plainly saw her self slighted by PHILARIO, yet her Desires (like a rapid Torrent, whose Violence is increased by Opposition) were rather heightened than abated by this Disappointment ; and PHILARIO, when too late, found to his no small Concern, that his Words had made a much deeper Impression upon her Mind, than he either de-

designed, or desired they should. He then plainly saw that this Business would involve him in a great deal of Trouble and Uneasiness, and began to repent his neglecting *Horatio's* Counsel. He fear'd there was no going back without plunging both Families in the utmost Confusion; And how far a jealous Woman's Rage might carry her, he knew not. Besides, *Horatio's* Passion meeting with such ill Success, he began to suspect some foul Play on his Friend's Side, which *PHILARIO* perceived; so that he was in the utmost Perplexity. In the midst of these Doubts, he found there was only one Expedient likely to succeed, which was to acquaint *Lysander* with the Business: whereupon he went directly to him, open'd the Case, and begg'd his Assistance. *Lysander* discover'd a great deal of Anger at his Proceedings, and severely reprehended him for abusing both him and *Angelica* in so egregious a Manner; but upon urging his Friend's Passion for *Angelica*, which he was bound by the strictest Ties of Friendship to assist, together with his own Engagements to *OLINDA* in the Face of Heaven, which he could not break, without a direct Violation of his Honour, and at his Mother *Amanda's* Intercession, *Lysander* was pretty well pacified, and at length told him that he would endeavour to disengage him from that Affair. And a few Days afterwards, to *PHILARIO's* no small Satisfaction, he told him the Business was done; but that he was forbid all further Interviews with *Angelica*. *PHILARIO* immediately flew with this happy News to *Horatio*, who then begg'd his Pardon for the rash Suspicion he had entertained of him, which, he said, was only the Effect of too much Passion. *PHILARIO* who well knew what it was to be

be in Love, easily forgave the little Error of his Friend, glad of the Opportunity to convince him of his Fidelity.

But altho' *Angelica's* Father was so easily persuaded to break off the Match between *PHILARIO* and his Daughter, yet she her self being a Lady of a great Spirit, could by no Means brook this Indignity cast upon her Beauty; and her Love being converted into Rage, she began to meditate Revenge. To this End she apply'd her self to her Brother *Beaufort*, a Man of a hot ungovernable Temper, conjuring him by the Honour of the Family, and all the Love he ever bore her, not to let this Affront pass unchastis'd. Inflamed by these Persuasions of his Sister, *Beaufort* sent a Messenger with a Letter to *PHILARIO*, which he opened and read as follows :

S I R,

I am very sorry I am under the Necessity of demanding Satisfaction of you for the Injury done to my Sister Angelica, in basely deserting her after all your Pretences to Love. And altho' you have escaped publick Justice, yet assure your self there is but one way for you to avoid the Vengeance of a justly intraged Family, which is a speedy Performance of your Promise to marry my Sister. If you don't think proper to comply with this Demand, I shall expect to meet you to Morrow Morning between Eight and Nine a Clock in a Meadow at the West End of the Town, without any Company but your Sword to decide this Debate: not doubting but that my Success will soon convince you of the Justice of my Cause.

BEAUFORT.

PHILARIO,

PHILARIO having read this Letter, immediately wrote an Answer in the following Manner :

S I R,

The Satisfaction you demand for the pretended Injury done to your Sister, I am very ready to give, nor am I, as you may imagine, to be terrify'd with empty Menaces. As to the Charge contained in your Letter, 'tis absolutely false, and therefore I shall not fight you upon the Score of a Wrong done to Angelica, whom I never injured, but rather for a false Aspersion thrown upon my Character; nor do I think either you so formidable, or my Cause so bad, that I need avoid meeting you at the Time and Place you have fix'd. But to shew you that Honour and not Passion engages me in this Quarrel, I am till then your Friend,

PHILARIO.

This Letter he sealed and delivered to the Messenger, who could not avoid being seen and known for *Beaufort's* Man, by *Horatio*; who guessing his Business, as soon as he was gone, came to PHILARIO, and asked him if it was not as he suspected; but he unwilling to ingage his Friend in the Quarrel, there being no Second required, deny'd it.

In the Morning he went out without being observ'd, as he thought, by any of the Family; and going directly to the Place assigned, he found there *Beaufort* alone waiting for him. As soon as PHILARIO came up, *Beaufort* told him he was very sorry he was obliged to have Recourse to the Sword for Relief; but since he had refused to repair the Honour of his Family,

H

ly,

ly, which was injured by the Wrong he had done *Angelica*, he must thank himself for what had happened. *PHILARIO* reply'd, that he did not come there to excuse what he had done, but to maintain it, and therefore his Business was then only to fight. They then drew, and after some Passes *PHILARIO* disarm'd him, upon which he bid him yield; but *Beaufort* fullenly reply'd, that since he was in his Power, he might do as he pleas'd; for though he might kill him, yet he should never conquer him. *PHILARIO* then generously return'd him his Sword, saying: "Live then, *Beaufort*, for I shall not use my Fortune against one so brave." *Beaufort* seemed very angry with his ill Fate, and left the Field with all the Symptoms of Rage and Malice. *PHILARIO*, to prevent all Suspicion of a Quarrel, return'd home immediately; but was no sooner out of the Field, than he met *Horatio*, who having seen him go out so early, imagined he was gone to Fight, and therefore follow'd him at some Distance unperceiv'd, and was a Spectator of all that had pass'd; fully resolv'd if *PHILARIO* had been so unfortunate to fall, either to revenge his Death, or share his Fate.

All that Day *PHILARIO* had an uncommon Melancholy upon his Spirits, and tho' he had no Reason to suspect any, yet was he under a continual Apprehensions of some approaching Disaster; and notwithstanding all his Endeavours to stifle it, as thinking it only a groundless Fear, yet was he not able entirely to erase it, but still something like his good Genius, seemed to warn him of some Danger towards him. At Night, as they were sitting in a large Hall up Stairs, *Amanda* desired *Horatio* and *PHILARIO*

to give them some Musick; upon which a Haut-boy and a Flute were brought, and they had scarce play'd one Air, before a Page came into the Room and told PHILARIO, there was a Lady at the Door desired to speak with him. He being the most courteous Gentleman alive, fearing to make the Lady stay, went directly out, without so much as asking who it was; but as soon as he was got out of the Room, two Men seiz'd hold of him, while a third clap'd to the Door, and then came and stab'd him in the Back twice with a Poignard. PHILARIO finding he was wounded, yet unable to draw his Sword, rais'd himself up from the Ground, and by main Force threw himself and the two Assassines quite down Stairs. Being thus disengaged, he got up, and though very faint, yet Rage a while supply'd his Loss of Blood; so that he dispatch'd two of them before any Body came to his Assistance. But the Noise of shutting the Door, together with falling down Stairs, soon alarm'd the Family, who running out to see what was the Matter, and finding the Hall-Door shut, *Horatio* leap'd out of a Window with his drawn Sword; whereupon the other that was left, endeavour'd to make off, finding himself overpower'd; but *Horatio* stop'd his Journey by a Wound clear through his Throat. *Lyfander* having broke open the Door, found PHILARIO in a Swoon; which Sight was so terrible to *Amanda*, that she imagining him kill'd, fell down by him in a Swoon, and was not without great Difficulty recovered. PHILARIO was immediately carried into Bed, and the Physicians and Surgeons were sent for, who after examining the Wounds gave them some Hope of his Life. It

was a Day or two before he recovered his Speech; and when he did, it was so weak, that it was impossible for any who stood but at a small Distance off, to hear a Word he spoke. In the mean Time *Lysander* endeavoured by all Expedients he could think of, tho' in vain, to find out the Authors of this inhuman Action; but many who had heard of *PHILARIO's* Quarrel with *Beaufort*, imagined him to have been privy to the Assassination; but there being no Proof, none cared to speak openly what they thought. However several Hints were spread about the Town, insomuch that *Beaufort* found his Honour was concern'd in the Business, and therefore gave out that he would fight any Man who should dare to insinuate any Thing to asperse his Character; which coming to *Horatio's* Ears, he presently challenged him, and after an obstinate Duel for some Time, they were both carried out of the Field dangerously wounded. But *Lysander* and *PHILARIO* both blamed *Horatio's* Conduct in this Affair, because this would still the more incense *Angelica* against him.

Soon as *PHILARIO* was permitted to speak, he sent his Man with a Letter to *OLINDA*, and in it a Ring of great Value, which he used to wear. Upon opening the Letter, she found as follows:

My dear OLINDA.

The Wounds I now labour under are nothing to those I receiv'd from your lovely Eyes; and when I consider that they are the Effects of my Truth and Fidelity to OLINDA, they rather give me Pleasure, than Pain. You only are capable of conceiving

ceiving my Impatience for the happy Hour that shall make you mine ; and the only Uneasiness I now suffer, is that of being kept from the dear Object of all my Wishes. I have a thousand tender Things to say, but am forbid to speak much for Fear of a Fever. My Man will inform you of the Particulars, and in the mean Time wear the inclosed as a Pledge of the inviolable Love of your faithful Admirer

PHILARIO.

OLINDA was ready to swoon at the News of his being so dangerously wounded, but hearing that he was in a happy Way of Recovery, her Grief was something abated : nay notwithstanding all her Concern for his Safety, she found a secret Pleasure in knowing it was for her Sake he was in Danger. Mean while *Angelica* finding her Revenge had miscarry'd, was in the greatest Perplexity ; she was loth to desist, and yet afraid to pursue her Resentments. *Horatio's* Person, Courage and Address began to be much more agreeable to her than formerly, and had it not been for what happened soon after, I am apt to believe she had forgone her Anger, and consented to his Happiness. But PHILARIO and *Horatio* being both recovered from their Wounds, PHILARIO determined to return speedily to *London* ; and accordingly had fix'd the Day for his Departure, imagining then the End of all his Wishes near. This coming to *Angelica's* Ears, her Passion knew no Bounds ; but transported with Rage, Jealousy, and Shame for her slighted Beauty, she vow'd Revenge, tho' at the Expence of her Life. Her Brother *Beaufort* having been twice foil'd in her Cause, was very unwilling to undertake

undertake it a third Time ; but overcome by her repeated Tears and Sollicitations, he was at last prevail'd with, tho' much against his Inclination. Accordingly about three or four Days before PHILARIO intended to set out for London, as he was going home to Dinner, a Gentlewoman came up to him, and presenting him a Letter, he presently knew the Hand to be Beaufort's, and opening read as follows :

S I R,

The Advantage Fortune lately gave you over me at the Sword, might probably make you think I should not attempt any further Satisfaction ; but I assure you an Indignity of so high a Nature cast upon my Sister, shall not pass unpunish'd while I have Power to revenge it ; nor can the Dispute ever end but with one of our Lives. Besides, there is not only Angelica's, but my own Honour to be defended against a scandalous Imputation of hiring Persons to assassinate you ; the Odium of which Fact you have, without the least Reason, thrown upon me. If therefore you dare justify these Proceedings, this Messenger, who is a Page disguis'd to prevent Suspicion, will conduct you where I expect you with my Sword, to put a final End to this Controversy, either by Conquest or Death.

BEAUFORT.

PHILARIO having read this Letter, ordered the disguised Page to follow him Home, and while Dinner was preparing, he retired into his Chamber and wrote the following Answer :

S I R,

S I R,

I was indeed in Hopes that the Difference between us had been e'er this concluded, being for several Reasons desirous rather to make you my Friend, than my Enemy. But since you seem resolv'd to maintain a causeless Enmity against me, to convince you that whatever I once dare act, I dare justify, if you please to send a Gentleman upon whose Honour I may depend, I am ready to meet you at whatever Time and Place you shall think proper; but having once narrowly escaped with my Life by only stepping out of Doors, I should think my self very imprudent to go out of Town under the Conduct of a disguis'd Page.

PHILARIO.

This Letter he seal'd and deliver'd to the Page, and then ordered his Man to stand at the Door to bring whoever should ask for him directly to him. All that Day he heard no farther News from him; but pretty early in the Morning a Gentleman was conducted into his Chamber, whom as soon as he saw, he knew to be a brave Knight call'd *Pamphilo*, who addressing him, said: "I suppose, Sir, you are already acquainted with the Reasons of my coming by the Letter you receiv'd yesterday from *Beaufort*. It is indeed with some Unwillingness that I have engaged in this Affair, but my Intimacy with him left no Room for a Denial. I beg you therefore to choose some Friend, who may with me not only be a Witness of the Action, but also share in the common Fate." To which PHILARIO reply'd,

ply'd, that as to a Second he would take none, but to satisfy his Desire of not being an idle Spectator of the Combat, he promis'd him that if *Beaufort* left him with Life, he would give him some Exercise. "If you are so resolv'd," says *Pamphilo*, then let us go, for he has already waited some Time." *PHILARIO* immediately ordered his Horse to be got ready, and so mounting, with only his Man he went out with *Pamphilo*, who led him to a Field about a Mile distant from the Town. As soon as *Pamphilo* saw *Beaufort*: "Yonder, says he, is my Friend: if you please I will speak with him first, if not I will leave you both to Fate." *PHILARIO* reply'd, he might do what he pleas'd: whereupon he rode up to him, and taking Leave of him, he retired some Distance off to view the Combat. As soon as the Combatants approach'd each other, *Beaufort* told *PHILARIO*, that he was still willing to compose the Difference upon peaceable Terms, if he thought proper; but *PHILARIO* reply'd, that he did not come there to capitulate, and therefore he must resolve either to fight, or die, since he refused to live in Friendship with one who, tho' injur'd, had sought it at his Hands. "Then be it as it may," reply'd *Beaufort*:" and so without speaking any more, they turn'd their Horses, and began to move towards each other with the utmost Violence. But *PHILARIO* perceiving that *Beaufort*'s Horse was much swifter than his, tho' not so strong, resolv'd to shock him with his Horse, as well as strike with his Sword; which *Beaufort* observing, turn'd his Horse swiftly to shun the Force of *PHILARIO*'s; but could not move so nimbly, but that *PHILARIO* join'd in with him

him with incredible Speed, and ran him clear through. *Pamphilo* seeing his Friend fall, turn'd his Horse toward *PHILARIO*, who rode with great Fury to receive him; but as soon as he came near, *Pamphilo's* Horse rais'd himself up upon his hinder Feet, which *PHILARIO* very narrowly escaped, and taking that Opportunity thrust the Sword up to the Hilt in his Belly, which made him bound and fling in such a Manner, that *Pamphilo*, tho' an excellent Horseman, was soon thrown off; which *PHILARIO* seeing, nimbly leap'd from his, and claping his Sword to his Breast, bid him surrender. But he reply'd, that since Fortune had declared for him, he might use his Victory as he pleas'd; but he would not owe his Life to the Man that had slain his Friend. "Since you are so resolved," says *PHILARIO*, I once more give you the Opportunity of revenging your Friend's Death:" And so saying, he gave him his Sword; upon which there began an obstinate Duel between them, insomuch that Victory stood a while in doubt which Side to take. But *Pamphilo* fighting with more Rage than Judgment, it was not long before *PHILARIO* gained an Advantage over him; for he thinking to put an End to the Combat at one Blow, made a violent Thrust at *PHILARIO*, which if he had not put by would have certainly revenged *Beaufort*; but before he could recover himself, *PHILARIO* closed with him, and ran him thro' the Lungs. *PHILARIO* immediately mounting, with his Man rode out of the Field, not so much glad of the Victory, as sorry that he had bought it at the Expence of so much Blood.

In the mean Time *Horatio* being told that

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PHILARIO was gone out with *Pamphilo*, went directly after them; but not knowing the Place where they were met, he sought a long Time in vain; but at length he found *Pamphilo*, who was just at the Point of Death, and with him a Gentleman call'd *Pbilander*, a Friend of his, who had been likewise searching for them, imagining they were gone to fight. *Horatio* took him by the Hand, and beg'd him to relate the Cause of this Disaster: "The Circumstances, says he, of the Combat are too long to tell, but both *Beaufort* and my self fell nobly by PHILARIO's Hand, and *Beaufort* alone is to blame. This I think my self obliged to declare before my Death, which will be in a few Moments, to clear the Honour of the bravest Gentleman in the World from any Imputation that may be thrown upon him. *Pbilander* knows the rest, but I can no more:" — and at that Word he fainted, and in a few Minutes afterwards expired; leaving *Horatio* and *Pbilander* in the highest Admiration of PHILARIO's Valour and Fortune. They both returned to Town, but could hear no News of PHILARIO; for he was retired to a small Village at some Distance, where disguising himself, as soon as it was dark, he return'd Home to consult what was to be done. They all agreed that he must immediately leave *England*, before the News of this Accident should spread far; and that *Lysander* in the mean Time should make use of all his Interest to obtain his Pardon of the Queen. Nothing troubled him but his being obliged to leave all his Affairs with OLINDA unfinished; whom he resolv'd however to see, tho' at the Hazard of his Life. Accordingly after taking
 Leave

Leave of *Lyfander*, *Amanda* and *Horatio*, in the most affectionate Manner, about fix a Clock, he fet out, scarce ever ftoping his Horfe till he came to *London*; where being arrived, he again disguis'd himfelf, and went to *Neander's*, who did not know him; but he foon difcovered himfelf, and inform'd them of what had happened. Great was their Trouble and Concern for this unfortunate Accident: but the melancholy Scene is yet to come. *OLINDA* had foon Notice of his being there, and came on all the Wings of Love to meet him, imagining then all her Fears were at an End; but alas, how fadly was fhe miftaken! and to describe her Grief at the fatal News, is beyond the Force of Language. But there was no avoiding this Separation, without manifefst Hazard of his Life, upon which all her Happinefs depended; and therefore fhe was obliged, hard as it was, to fubmit to her Fate.

All that Day, which had it been an Age, would have been too little, they fpent in exchanging their mutual Vows; but when Night came, and they muft part, what Tongue can paint their Woe? Sure never was there a Separation fo full of Sorrow! What did he not fay to calm her swelling Paffion? For while he held her in his Arms: "By all thofe Fires, fays he, that
 " fhine above our Heads, and by thofe bright
 " Eyes that are the Light and Joy of my Soul,
 " I fwear, to keep thy lov'd adored Image in
 " my Heart; and fooner, thou deareft, fweeteft
 " Creature Heaven e'er form'd, to part with
 " my Life, than my Fidelity to *OLINDA*." She would have reply'd, but Grief fettered her Tongue; yet what that denied, her Sighs and Tears exprefs'd. At length with a Kifs he made

a Shift to take a last Adieu ; and taking Leave of *Neander*, *Aurelia* and *Belinda*, he set out, and the next Day arrived at *Dover*, where by good Fortune he found a Ship bound for *Calais*, in which he immediately embark'd.

But to return to *London*. The Day after *PHILARIO*'s Departure, *Cleon*, *Beaufort*'s Father, took Coach for *London*, and coming to the Court acquainted the Friends of *Pamphilo* of what had happened ; conjuring them to join with him in revenging their Deaths. Accordingly they all went to the Queen, and intreated her Justice against *PHILARIO*, the Author of this Disaster. But by good Fortune, *Lysander* had been there before them, and throwing himself at the Queen's Feet, implored her Royal Clemency toward his Son ; so that the adverse Party did not meet with altogether such a Reception as they expected. However the Queen issued out a Proclamation commanding *PHILARIO* to appear, and answer to the Charge brought against him ; which, had he been in *England*, he would hardly have obey'd, well knowing that notwithstanding *Lysander*'s Services might claim some Consideration, yet so great was the Respect the Queen and the whole Court bore *Pamphilo*, that the most favourable Sentence he could have expected at that Time, would have been Banishment.

PHILARIO therefore not coming within the Time limited in the Proclamation, the Queen was highly incens'd ; and one *Dorimant*, a Nephew of *Pamphilo*'s, a great Favourite then at Court, insinuated, that it was plain from his not appearing upon that Summons, that he was guilty of some foul Action in their Death, which
he

he was afraid should be discovered. This coming to *Lyfander's* Ears, he with *Horatio* and *Neander* went in Person to confront them; and *Horatio* inform'd her Majesty, that he saw and spoke with *Pamphilo* before his Death, who told him and *Philander*, that after *PHILARIO* had slain *Beaufort*, he was attacked by *Pamphilo*, who was soon unhorsed; and after his Life was in his Hands, he generously return'd him his Sword, and *Pamphilo* renew'd the Combat with him on Foot, in which it was his Fortune to fall. " This, says *Horatio*, I had part from *Pamphilo's* own Mouth, and part from *Philander*, " a Friend of his, whom I found talking with " *Pamphilo* in the Field, to whom he had related the Particulars of the Combat, as he " can attest." The Queen then dismiss'd them, commanding them to attend her Pleasure another Time, and bring *Philander* along with them, to confirm what *Horatio* had said. But great was the Consternation of all *PHILARIO's* Friends, when after the strictest Enquiry had been made in all Parts, no News could be got of *Philander*.

Notwithstanding this Disappointment, they all prepared to wait upon the Queen at the Time she had ordered; and well knowing the Power of Beauty, they requested *OLINDA*, *Aurelia*, and *Belinda* to attend them, if possible to move the Queen to Clemency. When her Majesty was ready to give them Audience, they were conducted into the Presence, and at another Door the Accusers were ushered in, with whom came *Angelica*; whom when *OLINDA* knew to be *Beaufort's* Sister, she could not help admiring *PHILARIO's* Constancy, who could resist so many Charms,

Charms, as she was Mistress of. The Splendor of this Company was perhaps never equalled on the like Occasion, but OLINDA's incomparable Beauty, which as the Sun in its Meridian Glory, eclipsed all present, alone drew the Eyes and Admiration of all upon her; and even *Angelica* her self confess'd she could not blame PHILARIO's Fidelity to one so fair. But to our Business.

The Accusers were first heard, and *Cleon* pleaded strenuously for Justice on the Murderer of his Son, as did likewise *Dorimant* for the Death of *Pamphilo*. After this *Lyfander* threw himself at the Queen's Feet, and in the most moving Language entreated her Royal Goodness towards PHILARIO; in which he was seconded by *Neander*, *Horatio*, and all the rest of that fair Company. But when OLINDA went to kneel in his Behalf, her Majesty, as a Mark of her Favour, with her own Hand lifted her from the Ground; and in fine, their Intercessions had such Influence on the Queen, that she granted PHILARIO's Pardon, on Condition he appeared in three Months to justify his Honour. I need not tell you that the Joy of all his Friends was great, for it was unspeakable; and after they had return'd the Queen their most humble Thanks, they were dismiss'd.

Lyfander sent a Gentleman directly with an Express to PHILARIO, whom we left crossing the Sea to *Calais*, where he made no long Stay, but set out for *Paris*, resolving to go by the Way of *Brussels*; where finding several *English* Prisoners of War, he stay'd some Time, and got acquainted with several Gentlemen he had formerly known in *England*. Going one Night to,

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sup with some Officers and Persons of Figure, he no sooner entered the Room, but he saw at the Table a Gentleman whose Countenance he had been well acquainted with; but advancing nearer, how was he surprized to find it indeed no other than his Friend *Mirabell*, the only Man in the World he most wish'd, and least expected to meet. *Mirabell's* Surprize was equal to his, and he could hardly at first believe his own Eyes; but finding that it was really *PHILARIO*, they embraced each other with the utmost Joy. *PHILARIO* then inform'd him of the Reasons of his coming to *France*, which Accident he no longer thought unfortunate, since he had been so happy to meet the Person whose Absence alone, even in the Enjoyment of *OLINDA*, would have given an Allay to his Felicity.

Mirabell in Return told him, that as soon as he left *England*, he went to the Duke of *Marlborough's* Camp, whom he knew very well, and was received by him as a Volunteer; and some Time after in an Engagement, seeing the Colours of his Company in the Enemy's Hand, he leap'd over an Hedge to redeem them, which he did with the Loss of his own Liberty, and the Life of him that held them. Being thus made a Prisoner of War, he was removed to *Brussels*, where he had remain'd ever since. Not long after this they both set out for *Paris*, where *Mirabell* obtained his Freedom, and *PHILARIO* waited with Impatience to hear News from his Father.

The Messenger *Lysander* had sent, was on his Way to *Paris*; but passing by the Side of a Wood, three Villains attack'd him, and upon his making some Resistance, he was unfortunately
shot

shot thro' the Head: by which unhappy Accident PHILARIO miss'd of the Intelligence, which had like to have involv'd them in fresh Troubles.

During their stay at *Paris*, they recived Information, that *Elutherius*, who I before told you went a Volunteer under the Earl of *Peterborough*, was, at the storming of *Monjouick*, a strong Fortification of *Barcelona*, slain by a Shot from the Fort, as he was bravely fighting by the Prince of *Hesse*, who fell soon afterwards. They were both deeply concerned at the Death of this unfortunate Gentlemen: and tho' *Mirabell* was by that Means rid of the only Man, that hindred his Happiness with *Belinda*; yet when he considered that intimate Friendship that had been for several Years between them, which was now thus fatally dissolved, he could hardly avoid thinking himself unhappy in gaining a Mistress with the Loss of his Friend.

The Time fix'd for PHILARIO's Appearance drawing pretty near, and no News coming either of him or the Messenger *Lyfander* had sent, no Body knew what to think; and OLINDA, who before thought she held Fortune in her Hand, began now to fear some new Disaster. In the midst of this Perplexity, *Horatio* himself embarked for *Paris*, resolving to find out PHILARIO and bring him along with him; but the Day before he arrived at *Paris*, PHILARIO was gone to *Fontain-Bleau*. It was just dark when he came to the Edge of the Forest, and he had not rode long before he found by the Report of five or six Pistols, that fighting was near; spurring his Horse toward the Place, where he heard the Noise, he could discern by the

the Moon, which cast a glimmering Light thro' the Shades, a Gentleman bravely defending himself against six or seven Thieves, who had already unhors'd his Man, and wounded himself. PHILARIO with his Sword in one Hand, and a Pistol in the other, rush'd like Lightning to his Assistance; and letting fly, he shot two of them dead upon the Spot, and almost the same Moment ran another clear through from Side to Side; and all this with such incredible Speed, that any one would have almost judged it a single Action: so that the Villains were beaten off with the Loss of four of their Company, before they were well apprehensive of any Resistance; and the Gentleman found himself reliev'd, e'er he could scarce think of any Succour. The three that escaped, being fled, he found among the slain, the Stranger's Man still alive, tho' very much wounded, whom they seated on Horseback, and then rode forward. Upon PHILARIO's asking the Gentleman how he came to be thus engaged, he reply'd; that they had followed him a good while, but he not thinking them Highway-men, kept on his Way; and when he was got into the Wood, they came up to him and demanded his Money, which he refusing to give them, there began an obstinate Battle: "In which, said he, I must have inevitably perish'd, had not Heaven sent you to my Assistance. But pray, Sir, continued he, may I not know to whom I am indebted for my Life?" Upon PHILARIO's telling him his Name: "Heavens, cry'd he, am I then thus infinitely obliged to the only Man in the World I ever injured!" PHILARIO was as much surprized as he, not know-

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ing what he meant : but he continued in this Manner : “ My Name, says he, is *Philander* : “ I was an intimate Acquaintance of *Pamphilo*, “ who fell by your Hand in *England*. *Horatio* “ and I were the only Persons who saw and “ spoke to *Pamphilo* before he expired, who “ gave us as particular Account of the Combat, “ as his Circumstances would permit, concluding with the highest Encomiums on your “ Virtue and Courage, and charging me to justify your Fame against any Imputations of “ Dishonour that might be thrown upon it. This “ *Dorimant*, *Pamphilo*’s Nephew, your greatest “ Foe, well knew ; and therefore overcome by “ his Sollicitations, and the Love I bore my “ deceased Friend, I left *England* on Purpose to “ avoid declaring the Truth of that Action, “ which I was certain would be required. The “ Event proved as we expected ; for *Horatio*, “ little thinking that I was absent, cited me as “ a Witness of the Truth of what he had attested. But see the Hand of Heaven, in “ first bringing my own Life into Danger, as “ a Punishment of the Crime (for I can now “ call it by no other Name) I had committed “ against you, and then sending you to my Deliverance ! ”

PHILARIO could not but be glad of this Discovery, since he had laid an Obligation on *Philander* to vindicate his Reputation to the World ; and therefore told him, that all the Return he desired was, that he would maintain, whenever it was necessary, what he had related to him about that Combat : which *Philander* engaged his Honour to perform.

Being

Being come to *Fontain Bleau*, they all took in, and the next Morning *Philander*, having Business about three Leagues further, left *PHILARIO* waiting his Return, which was in about two Days, and then they came both together to *Paris*. In the mean Time *Horatio* having found out *PHILARIO*'s Lodgings, the first Person he saw there was *Mirabell*, who after their mutual Expressions of Joy at so happy and unexpected a Meeting, told him that *PHILARIO* was gone to *Fontain Bleau*, from whence he expected him back in two or three Days; for which Reason *Horatio* resolved to wait at *Paris* till he came. He was much surprized when *Mirabell* told him they had neither seen, nor heard any Thing either of the Express, or Messenger *Lyfander* had sent; and they both concluded, that some Accident had befallen him.

When *PHILARIO* return'd, both *Horatio* and *Mirabell* were gone out; but it was not long before they came in to *PHILARIO*'s no small Amazement, seeing *Horatio*; but he quickly informed him of the happy News he had brought, and that he must directly prepare for *England*. *PHILARIO* in Return acquainted them with his Meeting with *Philander*, and the whole Adventure in the Forest of *Fontain Bleau*. Two Days afterwards they all left *Paris*, and in a little Time were all landed in *England*.

Lyfander remained all this Time at *Neander's*, longing for the Arrival of *Horatio* and his Son; and as *OLINDA* and they were all sitting together in a Parlour, a Page came into the Room, and told them there was one at the Door had brought News of *PHILARIO*. *OLINDA* was the first that started from her Chair to receive this

welcome Messenger; but instead of that, PHILARIO himself came in, and running to embrace her, she with Excess of Joy and Surprize fell down in a Swoon; but being recovered, it was a good while before he disengaged himself from her, to do Reverence to *Lysander* and *Amanda*. But to describe the Joy of all this Company, especially upon the News of *Philander's* being found, will require a Pen much more florid and elegant than mine. Afterwards PHILARIO going to *Belinda*, spoke thus:

“ There is a Pleasure, Madam, says he, yet
 “ to come, in which you will be the greatest
 “ Sharer of any yet present, tho’ we shall all
 “ be Partakers. You may remember, Madam,
 “ when last *Mirabell* and *Elutherius* visited you,
 “ you told them you would chuse him for
 “ your Servant, who should come last to you;
 “ but by the unhappy Death of *Elutherius* in
 “ *Spain*, that Sentence is now no longer of
 “ Force, and therefore I will to mine add the
 “ Intercession of all this Company, that *Mira-*
 “ *bell*, who now waits your Pleasure, may be
 “ admitted to that Happiness, he has so long
 “ and so well deserved.

There needed not much Persuasion to a Thing she was already so well inclined to, and therefore she desired he would come in. Upon her saying this, *Mirabell*, who had overheard all that had pass’d, entered the Room, and kneeling to *Belinda*: “ Behold, Madam, says he, at
 “ your Feet once more your faithful *Mirabell*,
 “ to receive his Doom from your fair Lips!”
 She immediately desired him to rise, and giving him her Hand, reply’d: “ Since then *Eluthe-*
 “ *rius* is dead, whose Fate I cannot help mourn-
 “ ing,

“ ing, and you have proved your self faithful,
 “ I will for once dispence with my Resolution,
 “ and consent to be none but yours.” *Mira-*
bell receiv'd it with an Ecstasy of Love; and
 then embraced *Aurelia* and the rest of the Com-
 pany, which till then he had not Time to do.

The News of *PHILARIO*'s Arrival was soon
 spread over the Court, and there was scarce
 any Thing the Subject of Discourse but this Af-
 fair; which every one, as is usual, spoke of ac-
 cording as they affected or disliked the Party.
 But the Friends of *Cleon* and *Dorimant* were in
 a strange Confusion when they heard of *Phi-*
lander's Arrival, who, they knew, was the only
 Person that could justify *PHILARIO*'s Honour.
 And accordingly a few Days after his Arrival,
Philander was introduced into her Majesty's Pre-
 sence; and reciting all that you have already
 heard relating to the Combat between *PHILARIO*,
Beaufort and *Pamphilo*, fully confirm'd *Horatio*'s
 Testimony, and satisfied the Queen of the Ju-
 stice of the Action; upon which *PHILARIO*'s
 Pardon was signed, and he had afterwards the
 Honour to kiss her Majesty's Hand.

There wanted only one Thing more to com-
 plete the Satisfaction of this whole Assembly,
 which was *Angelica*'s Consent to make *Horatio*
 happy. To this End *PHILARIO* paid her a Vi-
 sit; and after he had in the most graceful Man-
 ner beg'd her Pardon for the Injury he had
 done her Beauty, to which he could never have
 been just without violating his Faith to *O-*
LINDA, he conjured her, since she had so ge-
 nerously forgiven the Death of her Brother, that
 she would give one more Proof of her Good-
 ness by crowning his Friend's Wishes. This Re-
 quest

quest she a while opposed, but at length overcome by his repeated Sollicitations, she yielded to *Horatio's* Happiness, and the next Morning the joyful Nuptials were all consummated.

The Day concluded with a fine Ball, and every Thing else that spoke Delight and Transport; and at Night they retired to the full Fruition of all those Joys, to which after so many Storms and Dangers they were happily arrived.

*Thus Fate may wish'd Success awhile retard,
But virtuous Deeds still find a sure Reward.*

F I N I S.

